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Received of the Treasurer of the
County of [] the sum of []
for []

Witness my hand and seal
this [] day of []

Attest: []

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WLW
CINCINNATI

FORTUNES WASHED AWAY

1:15
P.M. - E.S.T.

A SERIES OF DRAMATIZATIONS OF BETTER LAND USE.

No. 185

"WILDERNESS ROAD"

November 8, 1941

ORGAN THEME: DEEP RIVER

VOICE

We took it for granted that land was everlasting;

We said ownership of the land insured security.

Tools would wear out, men would die --

But the land would remain.

ORGAN: ABRUPT DISCORD

ANNOUNCER

Fortunes Washed Away!

ORGAN: SYMBOLIC MUSIC behind...

ANNOUNCER

Down where the shimmering blue haze of Kentucky arises many a morn
to meet the gold of the Virginia and the Tennessee sunrise is
Cumberland Gap, a trough through the Appalachians, called by the
Indians "Wah-see-o-to", the mountains where deer are plenty. About
1850 Henry Clay halted at Cumberland Gap. Someone asked him why he
lingered.

SOUND: Soft but rising: tread of many people...

"I am listening," he said, "to the tread of the coming millions."

2000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

SOUND: Tread up and sustained, then out.....

ANNOUNCER

Millions have passed along the Wilderness Trail, through a land of mountains veined with mineral deposits, a land of rivers and ravines, of woods and flowers. Generations of white men have cleared and cultivated much of the fertile land and mined its ore. Their rail fences trail along the highway, enclosing cornfields interspaced with timber. Cabins perch on the hillsides, and the passing traveler looks up, not into, a farm, for the farms are on the hillsides. He passes stone cliffs banked with mountain laurel and giant wahoo trees, he sees Chimney Rock and Sharktooth Rock, Troublesome Creek and Peevish Hollow -- and Caleb's Creek -- scene of the 185th consecutive episode of "Fortunes Washed Away."

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER

John Bailey lived down the Wilderness Road, with his wife and oldest son. But hard times had fallen on the soft coal mines, and John Bailey was preparing to move....

SOUND: Occasional voices in background...

BAILEY

Hold 'er tight, Ed, whilst I tie it up over here.

ED

I got her.

BAILEY

Just a minute. That ought to hold. There! Wonder if that stove ought to be tucked in a mite more.



ED

I think as how it'll hold.

BAILEY

Reckon it will.

ED

Just look at them Tramble boys hangin' over by the fence. You can see their pockets a-bulgin' with rocks. All they're waitin' for is for us to get a move on. Oh, well, it's the company's loss, not ourn.

BAILEY

But it's been our home for twenty years, son.

ED

Oh, here comes maw.

BAILEY

'Pears like we're all set to get a move on, then.

MOTHER (fading in)

Finally got the wagon loaded, did you?

BAILEY

All set, maw.

MOTHER (as if she doesn't want to leave)

Sure you haven't forgotten anything?

BAILEY

Everything's on the wagon, maw. Now don't you fret.

MOTHER

Did you nail the windows down tight?



ED

Yep. As if it'll do any good, with them honery Tramble boys around. And I spit in all the keyholes, so's they'll turn good.

MOTHER

I was just talking to Missus Lovelock. Seems like we're the only one's that's movin', now that the mine's shut down. They all say we're making a turrible mistake.

BAILEY

The Hardtack ain't gonna ever open again, maw, you can depend on that. And that little worn out farm I've dickered for over on Caleb's Creek is gonna make our living from now on.

MOTHER

But we don't know nuthin' about farmin'. Even all the children have gone to Middlesboro, or Corbin, or some other city.

ED

'Cept me.

MOTHER

Yes, 'cept you, Ed, my son, bless your heart.

ED

If I had my druthers, I'd ruther farm than work in a coal mine any day.

MOTHER

Folks say it's a mortal sin to make gypsies of a family. Missus Lovelock says that as long's a body has got a roof, let him roost under it.

BAILEY

Oh, a plague on Missus Lovelock and all her tribe. Instead o'gettin' out and lookin' for work, they'll rest on their shin-bones 'til doomsday. Come on. Git in the wagon. Swing up next that hindgate, Ed. Maw'll ride up here with me.

SOUND: Creaking as they climb in wagon...

BAILEY

All in?

ED

I'm right comfortable.

BAILEY

Giddap there!

SOUND: Wagon and horses start plodding along slowly....

MOTHER

Missus Basham says we shouldn't go neither. She says the mine'll open up again in no time.

BAILEY

That's the Kentucky hill people for you. Some'll take to a fresh start like sheep to March grass. But many of 'em, like their fathers, have never been more'n ten miles from the place they was born. They don't hold nothin' but contempt for others of their kind who git above their raisin'.

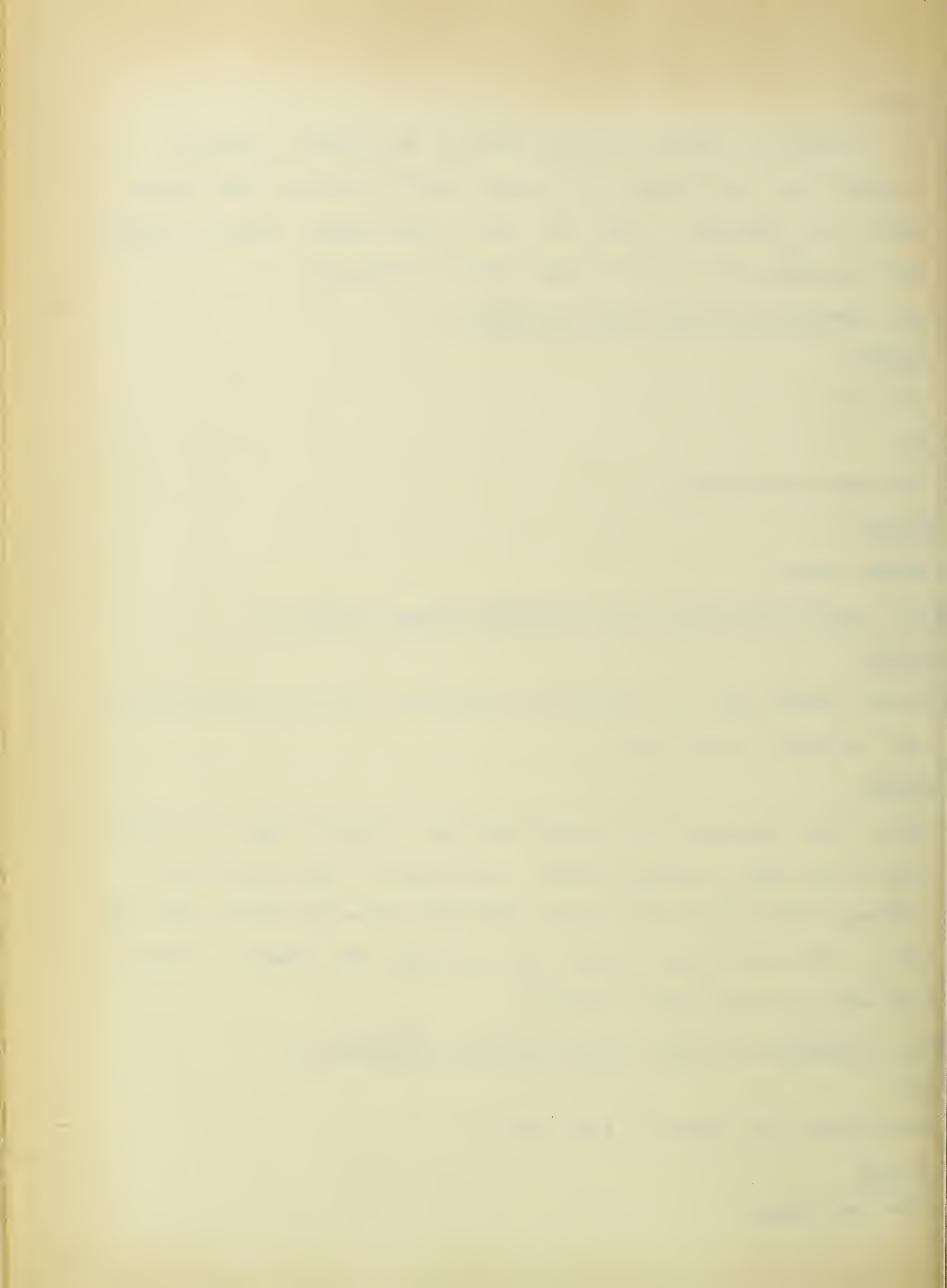
SOUND: Crashing of window panes in short distance....

ED

There they go! What'd I tell you!

MOTHER

What was that?



ED

Them Bramble boys.

BAILEY

Don't look back, maw. Don't look back.

MOTHER (sobbing)

Our home...for twenty years.

BAILEY

Don't look back, maw. Let's look ahead to Caleb's Creek, and to the future.

ORGAN: BRIEF BRIDGE

SOUND: Soft crackling of fire....

MOTHER

I'm glad you stopped when you did, John. I was might nigh famished.

BAILEY

Well, now, for a fact, my belly could stand a little stuffing on its own.

ED

You didn't say nuthin' about the firewood I gathered.

BAILEY

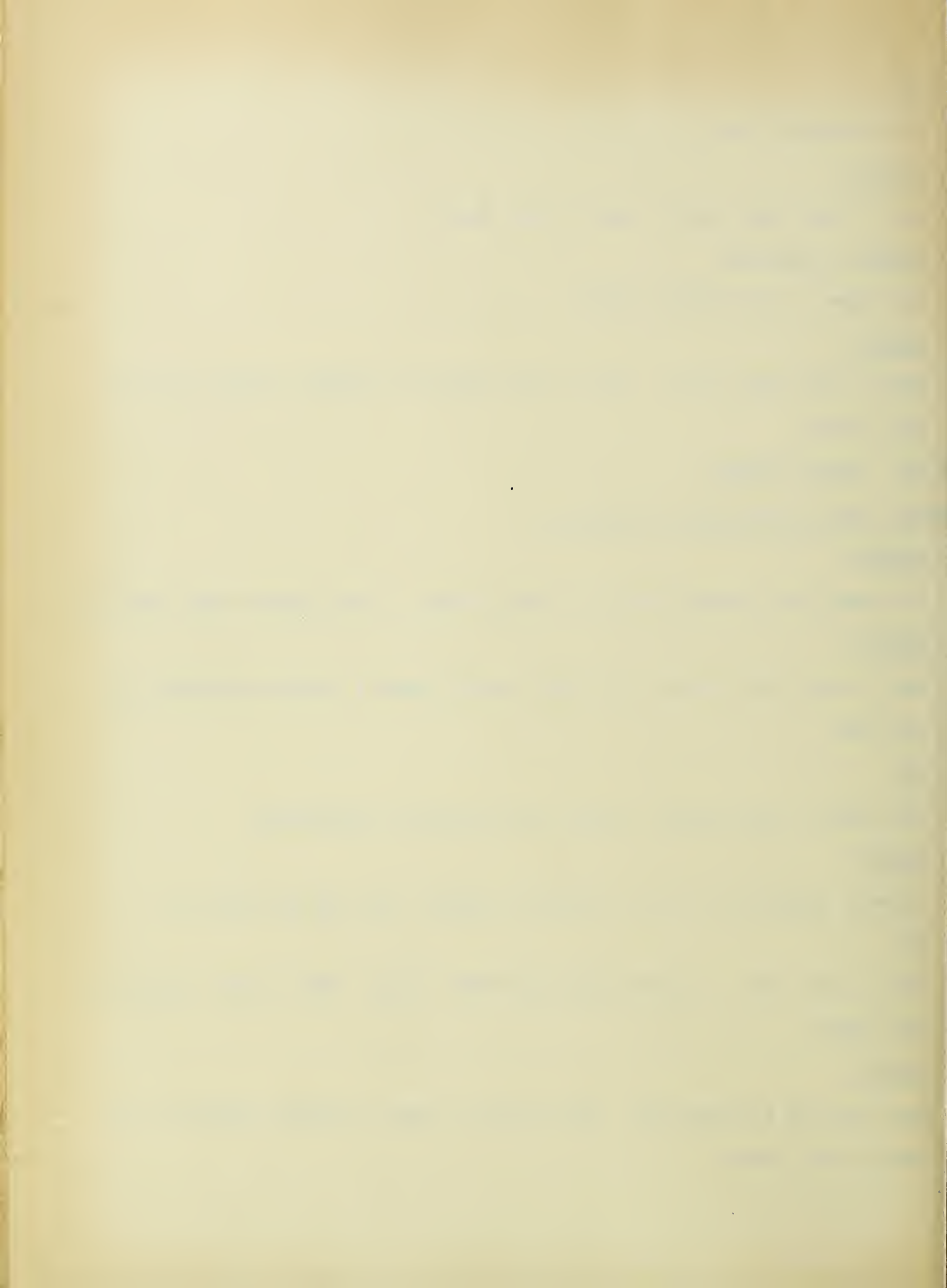
There's plenty of it in a stone's throw, Ed, and you know it.

ED

Well, just the(DROPPING HIS VICE) Hey! Who's this coming up the road?

MOTHER

What an odd looking man! That must be one of those derbies I've heard tell about.



BAILEY

He's a furriner all right. Like as not from up at Mount Vernon or Lexington.

ED

Or even Louisville!

HARDBARLEY

Well, now, upon my word, if this isn't a happy family gathered around the festive board! Hmm....roast capon, upon my word.

MOTHER

It's stew. Plain squirrel stew.

HARDBARLEY

Ha! Ha! As if this connoisseur's delicate nostrils couldn't detect that plaintive aroma of culinary art. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Professor J. G. K. Hardbarley. You may possibly have heard of me.

BAILEY

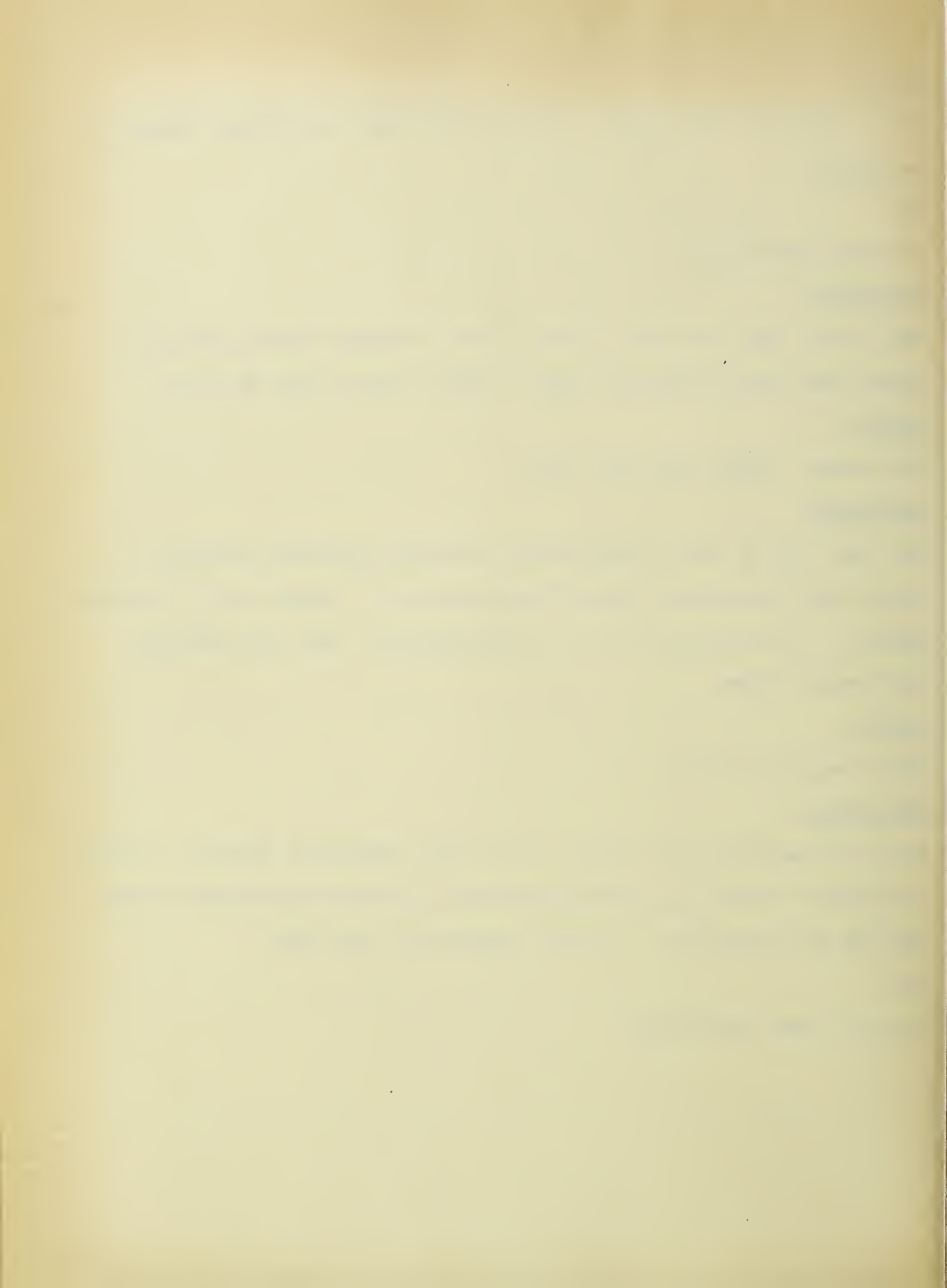
Can't say as we have.

HARDBARLEY

Ah, how fleeting time can be, in all its ephemeral ecstasy! Seems as though 'twere only yesteryear that I joined the Populist Party and ran for constable. (SADLY) Beaten by one vote.

ED

Be you a real professor?



HARDBARLEY

Kaff Kaff. Sir, I am a leader of the intellectual masses by vocation, but alas, dire circumstances have befallen me. At the nonce, while awaiting an important assignment, I am a vendor of merchandise.

BAILEY

He means he's a drummer. Fetch him some stew, maw.

SOUND: Stew being dished up into pan...

HARDBARLEY

Oh, now, I wouldn't think of imposing upon your generous....a little more of that meat over there please....thank you.

ED

A drummer, huh? Do you know any stories?

BAILEY

If he didn't know any stories, he wouldn't be a drummer. It takes more'n quality goods to sell snail pie and devil's snuff boxes.

HARDBARLEY

Excellent stew, my dear Missus.....

BAILEY

Our name's Bailey.

HARDBARLEY

Excellent stew, and if I may say so, I pride myself upon my knowledge of victuals. It reminds me of the winter of 1895....

BAILEY

Oh, Oh....here we go.



HARDBARLEY

Ninety days and ninety nights it snowed. I gave out of bread, and I gave out of meat. Even the mclasses barrel was stripped of its sweetening.

ED

Didn't you starve?

HARDBARLEY

No, my boy, I gathered the hungry smell out of the meat box, mixed it with a pound of frost bite, and fried it with a smidgen of axle grease. That saved my life.

ED

Gee!

HARDBARLEY

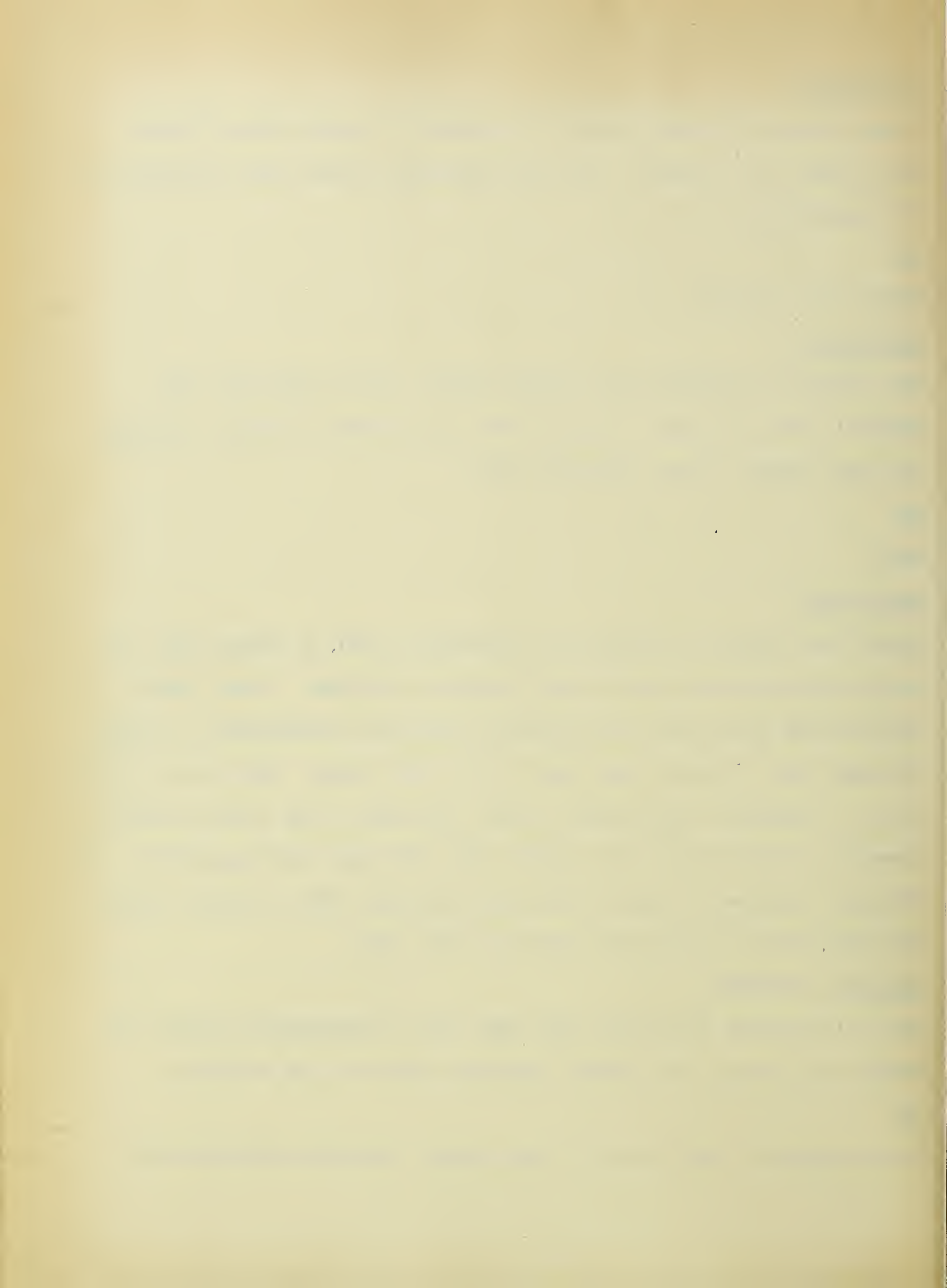
There was plenty of fishing on Shikepoke Creek in those days, my newly-acquired-but-never-to-be-forgotten friends. Once, while idling away the time just before an important engagement I caught so many fish I didn't know what to do with them. They kept jumping at me. Finally I tied knots in the leg-ends of my finest quality breeches, and filled them topful with red-eyes and big-mouths. My friends I packed so many fish in my breeches that a button popped off and killed a Bob-white quail on the wing.

BAILEY (LAUGHING)

Yes, I've heard of things like that over on Shikehope Creek, Ed. Maybe you can get over there sometime after we get settled.

ED

D'ya suppose? How far is it over there, Professor Hardbarley?



HARDBARLEY

Well, my boy, it's quite a distance for a youth of your immature composition. It's so far backside of nowhere that folks have to use possums for yard dogs and owls for roosters. (PAUSE) Then there was the time in Jumpup Moller (FADE)....

SOUND: Fade in night noises...

BAILEY

Worried, Maw?

MOTHER

Shucks no, John. We've always fit it out before together, and I reckon we can this time.

BAILEY

What do you see over there?

MOTHER

I see the moon, and the stars, and the scrubby trees huggin' the hillsides as best they can.

BAILEY

You see the future of three people -- three people, two of them nearly sixty years old, with faith in the land...

MOTHER

Faith in the land.

BAILEY

And all the blessings it can bring.



MOTHER

You've been reading about farming a good deal lately, John. I suspect you've always been a farmer at heart. Maybe closing down the mine was a good thing for us.

BAILEY

Who knows? Look back at the history of Kentucky -- it's all agricultural. Everything else in its early development was entirely incidental. We think we're isolated now, but look at them then -- they had to produce nearly everything they needed for their families. Of course stuff like sugar and hardware had to be brought in, and they were usually paid for with fur pelts. Are you listening?

MOTHER

Uh huh.

BAILEY

Don't reckon many folks know it, but for a long time Kentucky was first in production of hemp, second in the production of both corn and hogs -- Tennessee being first -- fourth in oats and rye, and one of the leaders in tobacco, wheat, and beef. There wasn't any market for the timber, so they just cut it down and burned it -- great forests of walnut, cherry, chestnut, and hickory. Those must have been wonderful sights to behold, maw...maw.....why bless her heart, she's fast asleep. Sleep tight, little wife, tomorrow you'll be a farmer's wife -- in your new home.

ORGAN: BRIEF BRIDGE, fading behind.....

BAILEY

There she is, Maw...our new home...on Caleb's Creek.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

SOUND: Rooster crowing....

BAILEY (Shouting)

Hey you, Ed! What you doing up there?

ED (off mike)

I'm hitching up old Betsy. Gonna plow that field above the house.

BAILEY

Oh, no, you don't! Maybe that field don't need plowing.

ED (fading in)

She's been plowed before, dad. You can see where the furrows run up and down the hill.

BAILEY

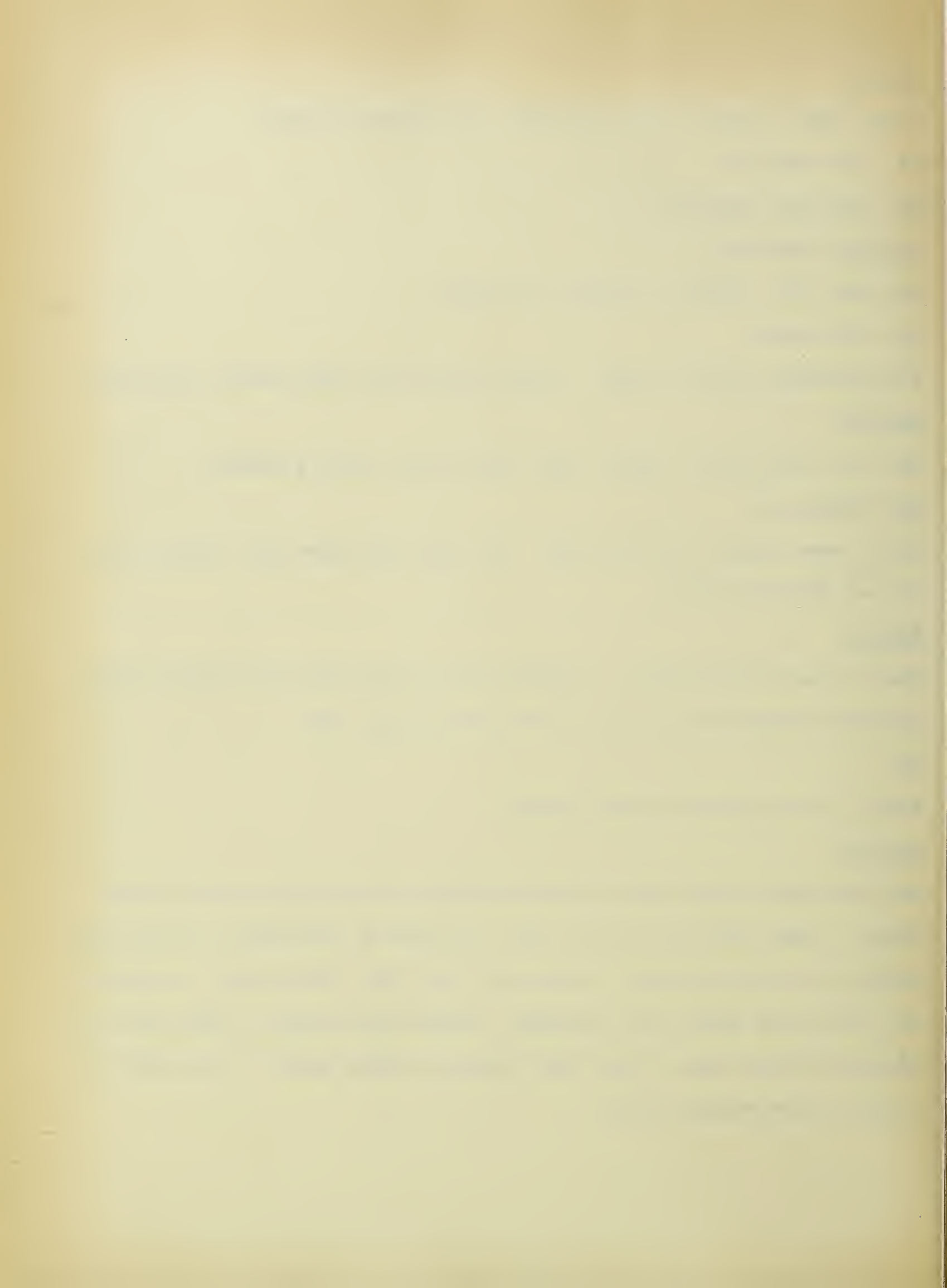
That's just the trouble. Plowing up and down the hill year after year has ruined that field of its fertility, son.

ED

Yeah, it is gullied pretty badly.

BAILEY

And the water that falls on the hillside runs down on the bottom lands. What we've got to do, Ed, is take an inventory of the farm, study it piece by piece. Near as I can tell, we've got to pasture the hills and drain the lowlands. Maybe we can get a Farm Security Administration Loan to put the place in shape until we can work out a soil conservation plan.



ED

I see what you mean, dad. Put every acre in its proper use, and get something besides swamp hay out of that bottom land.

BAILEY

Say! You'll make a farmer yet!

ED

I'll do my best, dad.

BAILEY

I know you will, son. It'll take work for all of us. It'll take a plan of action for all of us, a soil conservation plan. We'll have to get the plow, the spade, and the grub ax. We'll have to stop plowing the steep hillsides.

ORGAN: Sneak in, AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

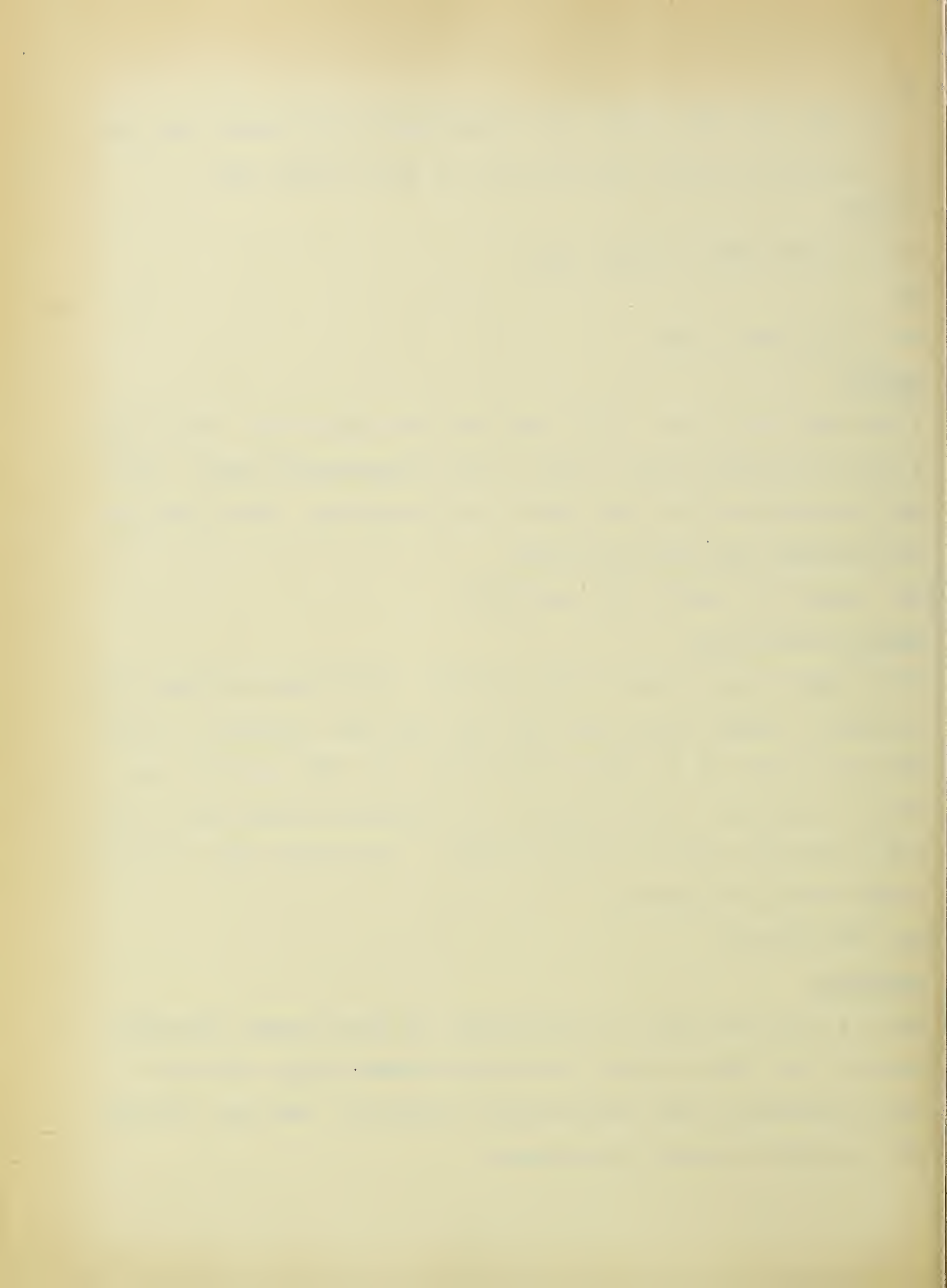
BAILEY (continuing)

We'll have to put an end to the gullies. We'll have to drain the lowlands -- maybe using rock from our own farm, instead of tile. But Ed, no man can say that John Bailey, his wife, and his son, haven't enlisted for the duration, the duration being their lifetime, and their uniform being overalls -- and their goal to build a farm worthy of America.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER

That is the true story of John Bailey, of Knox County, Kentucky, scene of the 185th episode of Fortunes Washed Away, and home of one of Kentucky's soil conservation districts. And now, friends, the so-called eleventh commandment.



ORGAN: Sneak in DEEP RIVER

ANNOUNCER

"Thou shalt inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, so that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or be destroyed from off the face of the earth."

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

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